

A  
NURSERY  
OF  
NOVELTIES  
IN

Variety of Poetry.

Planted for the delightful leifures

OF  
*Nobility and Ingenuity.*

---

Composed by *Tho. Jordan.*

---

——— *Mediocribus esse Poetis*  
*Non Homines, non Dii, non concessere Columnæ.*  
*Horace, de Arte Poetica.*

---

1367  
—  
2

London, Printed for the Author.

THEORY OF VIBRATIONS

BY J. H. VAN DER POL

TRANSLATED BY J. VAN DER POL





To the most liberal Lover of  
Sciential Industry and Native  
Ingenuity, the truly Noble,

M. John Jones

Much honoured Sir,

**W**Hen you shall please to  
make a review of your  
own serene Merits, and  
peruse with pausing Curiosity these Poe-  
tical Imperfections, my fears are that you  
will condemn my Confidence ; but my  
hopes are as great, that you will commend  
my Prudence : from whence I extract  
this presumption, that though all Cri-  
ticks should comply to cry down my Wit

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*in composing my Poems, they shall applaud my Judgment in the choice of my Patron. Sir, Your own deservings declare You to be no less than a Palace of Honour, if these Poems like a Vine, or Woodbine, may support themselves upon your Edifice, they shall, by this fortunate transplantation, grow more fragrant, and gratifie your Indulgence. The business of the whole World is but folly diversified, nor can I make a better Apology for my Poetry, but that it is Vanity in variety; yet no less innocent than those Actions which the noblest Persons in the worthiest Times have esteemed their clearest Recreations. I must confess that the multiplicity of reasonless Rhymers and irregular Readers, have very much defaced the Majesty of Poesie, but one beam of Your favour will re-inthrone it. Sir, you will find some pieces in this promiscuous*  
Gal-

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Gallery very plainly drest, but withall  
very properly; for my aims were always  
rather at aptitude than altitude, and to  
make my Compositions more genuine than  
gorgeous, it is no more proper in Poets  
than in Painters, to clothe a Tinker in  
Tissue: Sir, (in one word) Your Candor  
hath compell'd me to make these Poetical  
Addresses, if any thing in them may ei-  
ther provoke Your praise, or pardon, I  
shall congratulate that happy means,  
which hath safely conducted me to so  
splendid a sphere of Love and Ingenui-  
ty, and be alwayes studious to deserve  
(what I have been ever ambitious to de-  
sire) a seat in Your memory, and liberty  
to subscribe,*

*Sir,*

*The humblest of all your  
faithful Servants, and  
the devoutest of your  
Honourers,*


*Tho. Jordan.*





*To all Noble, Learned, and Ingenious Lovers, of Poets, and Poetry.*

*Most Royal, Honourable, and truly Worthby.*

 Although *Poets* and *Poetry* (which the best ages formerly had in an exalted Estimation) are, in these *loose latter times* so discrowned and discouraged, that the very *Name* is made but a Title of Infamy, and their inspired Persons considered but in the needless number of metrical Mendicants; (because *Poverty* and *Poetry* are such Correlatives) yet I hope *those Persons* to whom I direct my Endeavours, and would onely select to be my Supervisors, are qualified with diviner Inspection.

*To the Poetical Reader.*

on. It hath been frequently observable amongst Historians, when *Times* did grow degenerate, and declined into *Barbarism*, *Poetry* did wane into contempt and contumely, but (*è contrario*) in flourishing, well modell'd and orderly guided *Republicks* it advanced to *Honour* and admiration. I am not so extravagant as once a presented Poetaster (in a good Comedy) said, *Who loves not Verse is damn'd*: nor so rapt with a vain-glorious humour and self-admiration as old *Ben* was when he made this *Distick*, the Theam being *Poets*.

*When God begins to do some exc'lent thing,  
He makes a Poet or, at least, a King.*

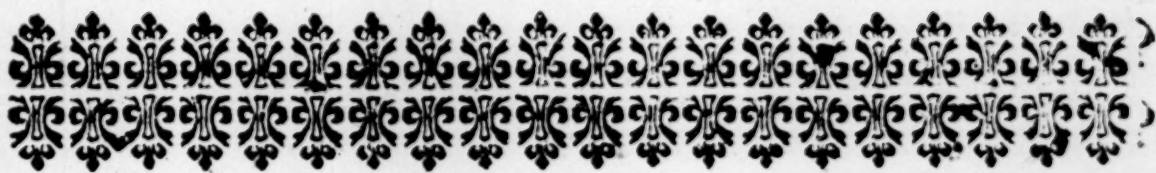
But I am perswaded that the *Priests* of *Apollo* are very much better then the squint-eyed souls of rustick capacities render them.

*To the Poetical Reader.*

I remember (very opportunely) that I once presented a Manual of *Meeter* to a very popular *Physician* of this *City* in *Oliver's* time, who made me no better return, then that *He hated Poetry*; after which words such a judgement fell upon him, that he hath lien sweating under the heavy displeasure of *Venus* ever since. I could tell you more and worse punishments that have fallen upon such *Hereticks*, but I should then make my *Epistle* exceed the length of my *Book*, and your *patience*; which I fear I shall preserve to suffer more by the *Saw* of my rude Compositions, although never the intent of

Your Servant,  
Tho. Jordan.





## An Induction.

**W**Hen eighteen years had crucify'd our Pleasure,  
 With Civil Swords, by wasting Blood and Trea-  
 When by the Power of a Schismatick brood (fare;  
 Religion's glorious face was in a Cloud;  
 After the mildest King the Sun e're saw  
 Was murther'd by imaginary Law:  
 When Cov'nants made to God, Angels, and Men  
 Were broke by those who fain would do't agen;  
 After they did the Bloody Corps Interr,  
 Of Praying, Preaching, Perjur'd Oliver;  
 When Parliaments were worn unto the stump,  
 And England's Head was ruled by a Rump;  
 When (blinde with sorrow) we began to grope,  
 When all were out of heart, and out of hope:  
 Then MONCK, the King of Gen'als came forth  
 In a mysterious March out of the North,  
 To London City; where he and his Men  
 Pull'd down the Gates, but set them up agen:  
 When by his smiles he put hope in us all,  
 This Speech was spoken to him in this Hall.

*A Speech made to his Excellency the Lord General Monck, and the Council of State, at Skinners-Hall on Wednesday, being the Fourth of April, 1660. At which time he was nobly entertained by that Honourable Company.*

**I** Can forbear no longer, out it must  
 If I shall prove ingenious or just,  
 I have with wary eyes observ'd your steps,  
 Your Stands, your Turns, your Pauses and your Leaps,  
 And finde, however you may mask your brow,  
 You are a States-man, and ambitious too :  
 A right self-ended Person, for be't known,  
 Yours and the Publick Safety are all one ;  
 You are ambitious to be good, that feat  
 Our States-men mist, for they were to be great :  
 But yet (as *Solomon* made that choice which  
 Commanded all) Wisdom will make you rich,  
 And great, and glorious ; and these shall last  
 As long as time, and after time is past :  
 When such as have their Countreys Rights betray'd,  
 Shall receive pay in *Lucifers* Brigade.  
 My Lord, I scorn to flatter, I'll be true t'ye,  
 All the good Deeds y'have done, are but your Duty ;  
 But yet your hand stretch't in *Jehovahs* Name  
 Hath snatch'd three burning Kingdoms from the Flame ;  
 Our Laws, our Liberties, or what to us,  
 And all mankind may be held precious,  
 Were at the Stake, this Action hath out-run  
 All thought ; we cannot tell you what y'have done,

Nor



Nor you your self, it may not be exprest  
Till divers years have made it manifest :  
Those ravenous beasts that our destruction wrought,  
When Church and State were to the *Barebone* brought,  
(*Praise God*) you ransom'd, and without a Club,  
Beat down the daring Doctrine of the Tub ;  
The sinking Pulpit to you did restore,  
Our Apron-Prelates must come there no more ;  
And now the Iron-Monger will not rush in,  
But cease to make an Anvile of the Cushin :  
This you have done, quite unknown to the silly  
Prognostications of *Booker* and *Lilly* ,  
Who know not (with all help their Arts can do)  
What 'tis guides *Charles his Wain* so well as you.  
But I forget my Message, Sir ! by me  
This faithful Hospitable Company  
Doth bid you welcome ; welcome as the Spring,  
As you your self would welcome home — the thing  
We all expect, without the which, each Nation  
Subsisteth onely by Anticipation :  
These ten or twelve years our three Kingdoms have  
Liv'd in a darkness equal to the Grave,  
Stifled for want of breath until the bright  
Beams of your Presence gave a little light :  
'Tis yet but twilight, could we gain the Sun,  
And the clear wholesome air, the work were done ;  
You can dispel these mists and make all fair,  
We sue for nothing but the *Sun* and *Air*



*Continuation of the Induction.*

**T**He wary General whose Art did lye  
 Much in the soul of business, secrecie,  
 Was so obscure in all his postures we  
 Could not discover his dark Loyalty ;  
 So silent was his tongue, secret his face,  
 We could by neither finde he did embrace  
 Our royal hints ; but when the upshot came,  
 Swifter then powder, put into a flame,  
 Through an obscuring Cloud before he speaks,  
 Even as a hand Granado e're it breaks,  
 He fir'd us all, for (with a true consent)  
 The Kingdom calls a full Free Parliament,  
 That he by lawful consequence might bring  
 The suffering Sovereignty of our Dread King  
 Home to his glories, which no time could do  
 But this, 'cause Providence would have it so :  
 And now the Scene is chang'd, for what before  
 The people did so hatefully abhor,  
 They heartily embrace : no other thing  
 Can prove so great a Cordial as the King :  
 Nothing but He can cure 'm, for the Devil  
 Had over-run the Land with the Kings Evil.  
 Now he's Proclaim'd the Bells joyfully ring, (May  
 The Bonfires blaze, all cry, *God save the King* ; (IO  
 'Twill make all Ages study and admire on't,  
 Him whom they call'd the Son of the late Tyrant,

Is now a God ; and no where can be had  
 (To heal their Wounds) the Balm of *Gilead*,  
 But in King *Charles* ; whole Troops of glitt'ring Men  
 Contend by thousands who shall fetch him in :  
 The City sends forth acclamations high,  
 No Prayers are made but for his Majesty.  
 Thus do they guard him to *Whitehall*, where we (May  
 Will pray for him and his Posterity, (29.  
 That when the worst of State-Distempers spring,  
 We may be cur'd by praying for the King.

*Another Speech at Goldsmiths-Hall to the General,*  
*April, 9. 1660.*

*After a Song concluding with a Chorus of Amity.*  
*Enter a Sea Captain, he divideth the Singers and speaketh.*

**L** Et me make one too ; Are ye grown so stout  
 To contrive Peace, and leave the Sea-man out ;  
 Have you in these large bowls which Plenty gave ye  
 Drank off the Ocean, and swallow'd the Navy ?  
 You never think upon our Rocks and Shelves,  
 So you may snudge in safety by your selves ;  
 Are not you *Brittains* ? is not Navigation  
 The onely guard, and glory of a Nation :  
 Can ye have Treasure brought without a Fleet,  
 What is it gilds *Cheap-side* and *Lumbard-street*,  
 But our Sea-Trade ? by our cutting the curi'd  
 Ocean, ye hold Commerce with all the world ;  
 Whence come your costly Carpetings and Works,  
 That grace the Chambers of Triumphant Turks,



But from beyond Sea ? and wise men of trust  
 Believe if we have peace agen, it must  
 Come from beyond Sea, and d'ye go about  
 To make a Peace and leave the Main Mast out.

But where's my Admiral ? Oh ! I have spy'd him,  
 His merits are so clear, no Clouds can hide him;  
 I must go droll with him though, what chear ! hey ?  
 Up to the ears in Custard, here's a fray  
 Compounded without blood-shed, these would be  
 Good bits upon a March, *George*, or at Sea ;  
 When in the fury of tempestuous Weather  
 We and our meat are pickled up together :  
 Here are pure Quarters, Plenty keeps her Spring  
 In *London* , 'tis a City for a King.

I came just now ashore to speak with you,  
 Directly up to *Goldsmiths-Hall*, I knew  
 Where I should finde you out, you love to settle  
 With honest hearts, and men of the best mettle ;  
 They love *Saint George*, and yet do highly set  
 A value on *Saint Dunston*, they'r well met,  
 Both of them put the Devil in a dump,  
 One had him by the nose, 'tother the Rump,  
 And thereby hangs a tail : when I came hither,  
 My business and my boldness mixt together  
 Made me thrust in ; where crowd ye cry'd they all,  
 Quoth I to speak with my Lord General,  
 I'm one of his Sea Captains ; presently  
 The Master, and the generous Company  
 All bad me welcome, and did strongly woo  
 Me to bid you so, and this Council too ;



In these or such like words they bade me say,  
 The Sun's not welcomer to a dark day  
 Then you are to this City; for you are  
 Temp'rate in undertakings, stout in War,  
 Prudent in Councils, quick when dangers call,  
 Secret in great designs, honest in all;  
 'Twould make the rudest Rebel quite renounce ill,  
 To see but such a Souldier, such a Council,  
 God prosper both, and may you never cease  
 Till you have brought home the bright Princes peace,  
 That long lost Lady, could we make a Crown  
 As rich as that was worn by *Solomon*,  
 Rather then we would lose her, or displease her  
 (I mean fair Peace) we'd give that Crown to seize her.

*A Speech spoken to the General and Council, when he was  
 feasted at Fishmongers-Hall.*

*After a Song of difference betwixt the Lawyer, the Souldier,  
 the Citizen, and the Countrey-man: The Chorus being  
 ended, Enter the Speaker habited properly for the Ghost  
 of Massianello Fisherman of Naples.*

**I**S your Peace just? what Rock stands it upon?  
 Conscience and Law make the best union;  
 If you gain Birth-rights here by Blood and Slaughter,  
 Though you sing now, you'll cry for ever after;  
 Trust my experience one that can unfold  
 The strangest truest tale that e're was told:  
 In my degree, few men shall overtake me,  
 I was as great as wickedness could make me:

This heart, this habit, and this tongue to boot  
 Commanded forty thousand Horse and Foot :  
 In three dayes time, my fortune grew so high  
 I could have match't my Fisher's family  
 With the best blood in *Naples* ; right and wrong,  
 And life and death attended on my tongue ;  
 Till by a quick verticity of fate,  
 I finde too soon what I repent too late ;  
 And though a Rebel in a righteous cloathing,  
 My glow-worm-glories glimmer'd into nothing :  
 Thus fell that Fisherman that had no fellow,  
 I am the wandring shade of *Massianello* ;  
 Who since I was in this perdition hurl'd,  
 Am come to preach this Doctrine to the world.

Rebels, though back't with power and seeming reason,  
 Time and success shall feel the fate of Treason.  
 But stay ! what Picture's this hangs in my sight ?  
 'Tis noble *Walworth* the King-saving Knight,  
 That stab'd *Jack-Straw* ; had *Walworth* liv'd within  
 These four Months, where had *Jack* the Cobler bin ?  
 It was a bold brave deed, an act in season,  
 Whilst he was on the top-branch of his Treason ;  
 But from that shadow dropping down my eye,  
 I see a substance of like Loyalty.

If long renowned *Walworth* had the fate  
 To save a King, you have to save a State.  
 And who knows what by consequence, the Knight  
 By that brave deed, gain'd every man his right ;  
 And you by this, may give each Man his due,  
 Not onely Trusty hearts, but Traytors too :

He



He drew Blood, you did not, 'tis all one sence,  
 There's but a *Straw's* breadth in the difference:  
 He sav'd the Town from being burnt, and you  
 Have rescu'd it from Fire and Plunder too:  
 He was this *Companie's* good *Benefactor*,  
 And you have been their *Liberties* Protector;  
 For which I heard them say they would engage  
 Their States and Bloods, and Lives against all rage  
 That should oppose your just Design; and that  
 You are the welcom'st Guest ever came at  
 This Table: they say all they can exhibit,  
 Is not so much a Treatment as a Tribute.  
 They call you the first step to *England's* Peace,  
 The right fore-runner of our happiness.

on, And joyn'd with these great Councillors, you are  
 Our best preservatives in Peace and War.  
 You have a Loyal Heart, a lucky hand  
 Elected for the Cure of this sick Land;  
 Who (by Protectors and unjust Trustees)  
 Hath been enslav'd, and bought upon her knees:  
 We humbly pray this may be thought upon,  
 Before the Kingdoms Treasure be quite gone,  
 And hope you will (though envy look a squint)  
 When all is fit, put a Just *S T E W A R D* in't.

*Chorus of ten Voices.*

He **T**hen may your Fame out-live all story  
 And prove a Monument of Glory,  
 Kings and Queens (as Tribute due)  
 On their knees shall pray for you,

Whilst



Whilst all true hearts confefs with Tongue and Pen  
A Loyal Subject is the best of Men.

*A Speech Composed to Welcome to the English Shore, the  
most Sacred and Inimitable Majesty of Charles the Se-  
cond, personated by the Genius of England.*

**M**irror of Majesty, bright Rising Sun,  
The virtues of all Kings compriz'd in one;  
How shall I look on thee Great Lord of Light,  
Lay by thy Beams, or fortifie my sight;  
Thou art so frequent at the Throne of Grace,  
That Gods reflective Glory gilds thy Face:  
Shall I make bare my Feet, as I am bound,  
Or shall I kneel, for sure 'tis Holy Ground?  
I will do so, *England* behold and blush,  
Here's the best Emblem of the burning Bush:  
I need not paraphrase, but wish this Nation  
May come to Use as well as Application.  
Remember *Worcester*, that escape may well  
Match the demensions of a Miracle;  
Had I been Rebel of the worst degree,  
That very Fate would have converted me;  
Who saw not that, saw nothing. — But I come  
Dread Majesty to bid you welcome home,  
So doth the Kingdom too, and all about ye;  
For (in plain terms) we could not live without ye.  
The Law and Gospel too bid us good night,  
All had been wrong if you had lost your right.

Till *Lot* came out, great *Sodom's* lofty Towers  
 Could not take fire, this very case is ours.  
 The Land ere this had all in ashes bin  
 But that, as theirs went out, our *Lot* came in ;  
 Each individual person in this Nation,  
 May bid you welcome next to their salvation :  
 The very Schismatics, and such as are  
 The manifest incendiaries of War  
 May bid you welcome ; for their Lives and Lands  
 Had else been ravish'd by each others hands :  
 You have a Kingdom here in order put,  
 So out of frame, *Chaos* was nothing to't ;  
 Your very presence doth at once dispence  
 Light, heat, life, growth, and God-like influence :  
 You gain'd commission from the King of Kings,  
 To bring us our Redemption in your Wings.

Therefore may all the Joyes that Kingdoms want,  
 All that good men can beg, or God can grant,  
 All kinds of happiness past and to come  
 From the Creation, till the day of Doom,  
 Fall on your Majesty ; may every thing  
 Contribute to the comforts of the King.  
 And when the beauties of a Royal Bride  
 Shall by your Sacred Arms be sanctifi'd ;  
 May the pure power of Union so inflame ye,  
 That married Pairs may prosper when they name ye.  
 And may your Princely Progeny out-vye  
 The Stars for Light and Multiplicity.  
 You are a man, Sir, after Gods own Heart,  
 May *Stuarts* Name, and *Englands* Crown ne're part ;

But



But may it prove our Comfort and our Cure,  
 So long as either Sun or Moon endure ;  
 May you have faithful Councillours. and all  
 As just as *George* your Loyal General :  
 May Peace Crown all, and if there ever sprung  
 A Prophets Spirit in a Poet's Tongue,  
 May mine hit right, and all my dayes I'll sing  
 Upon no theam but this, *God and the King.*

*A Prologue to the King.*

**L**ong live the King in your Celestial Eyes  
 The vertue of our late Creation lyes ;  
 Our Re-Creation, for on English Earth,  
 You are to every thing a second birth :  
 We must acknowledge Liberty nor Lands  
 Could come more grateful then your Dread Commands,  
 Did to our very souls ; but we are sorry  
 We should this Night attend on so much glory,  
 With such weak worth ; or your clear sight engage  
 To view the remnants of a ruin'd Stage ;  
 For doubting we should never play agen,  
 We have play'd all our *Women* into *Men*,  
 That are of such large size for flesh and bones,  
 They'l rather be taken for Amazons  
 Then tender Maids ; but your mercy doth please,  
 Daily to pass by as great faults as these :  
 If this be pardon'd we shall henceforth bring  
 Better oblations to *my Lord the King.*



*Epilogue to the King.*

**W**E have all done, if we have giv'n distaste,  
 It were much better we had done our last ;  
 But mighty Monarch, in your power it lies,  
 And onely yours to save or sacrifice :  
 What we do want in playing, it shall be  
 Supply'd in praying for your Majesty.

*On a Picture of the Kings Escape in the Oake.*

**B**Ehold the King, to avoid danger's stroke  
 Confines his Royal Body in an Oake,  
 Which liv'd until his Fathers Life was done,  
 Then dyed to prove a safety for the Son ;  
 And to us all this well-try'd truth imparts,  
 Better trust hollow Trees then hollow Hearts.

*On the King and Mistris Lane on Horseback.*

**B**Ehold a Lady who had once the honour  
 Of having a great King to wait upon her ;  
 A Matchless Madam, Pieties restorer,  
 For in one man four Kingdoms rides before her ;  
 The great Defender (as true Story saith)  
 Of him that is Defender of the Faith.

*On*

*On the Picture of the King on Horseback in Parliament  
Robes.*

**B**Ehold King *Charles* the second doth present  
In Royal Robes both King and Parliament ;  
Which signifies, that in thought, word, and deed,  
The King and Parliament are both agreed,  
Whilst Traytors Heads are mounted on that Hall  
Where *Charles* the first did finde his final fall  
By an High Court of Justice, who consent  
At once to ruine King and Parliament :  
Long live the King, and God (in whom his trust is)  
Preserve his life from such High Courts of Justice.

*On Pictures of the King and Queen.*

**T**WO of the brightest Stars that have been seen  
Shine in this glorious King and vertuous Queen,  
In whose fair souls all that is good and great  
In *England*, (or in *Portugal*) are met ;  
And may the Heirs of *Charles* and *Katharine* be  
The stems of all succeeding Sovereignty.

*On Pictures of the Duke and Dutchess of York.*

**B**Ehold *Yorks* Duke and Dutchess too, whose lives  
Are patterns for good Husbands and chaste Wives,  
Good nature and good nurture too in them  
Make Love appear the greatest Diadem ;

May

May they all ne're more see (as sad beholders)  
Religions head upon Rebellions shoulders.

*A Prologue to the King, August 16. 1660.*

SURE such a glory so serene, so bright,  
Started from *Chaos* when God call'd for light,  
For (like that glittering birth of Beams) you do  
Transilluminate this Western world from you  
Our Saint, our Soul, our Sovereign, our King,  
We live and grow as the Sun broods the Spring:  
Then (as in Loyalty oblig'd) 'tis fit  
We render part of our small stock, our Wit  
Which hath so long been cramp't under their rage  
Who durst not see their actions on the stage,  
That numb'd with a stupidity we fear  
We shall assault the softness of your ear;  
We have been so perplex't with Gun and Drum,  
Look to your Hats and Cloaks, the Redcoats come.  
*D'Ambois* is routed, *Hotspur* quits the Field,  
*Falstaff's* out-filch'd, all in confusion yield;  
Even Auditor and Actor, what before  
Did make the *Red-Bull* laugh, now makes it roar:  
We curse the misery in which our Trade is,  
And are secur'd, but our magnifick Ladies  
(Thinking to 'scape them) are torn by the Throats  
And (like Wine Porters) put in Petty-coats,  
Dragg'd to the *Muse* for Plotters; but your presence  
Nullifies them, and gives us a new Essence,

Till



Till you came hither all was so forlorn  
 We wish'd we had been buried, or unborn ;  
 All things were retrograde, the night and day  
 Were shrinking to *Prima Materia* :  
 We liv'd in such a strange distorted age  
 Men durst not see their Figures on the stage ;  
 But furious as the deform'd Lady was,  
 Who for revenge brake her own Looking-glass ;  
 They crack'd our mirrour, and now none but you,  
 Dread Majesty, can Mend or make us New.

*A Prologue to a Play call'd The Florentine Ladies, played  
 in the Night by Gentlemen.*

**Y**ou're welcome to our Ladies, and I know  
 Most courteous Gallants, Ladies will please you ;  
 Though at this hour, or midnight, else I'll swear  
 Most of our Knights are lost with the last year :  
 These creatures are of *Florence*, and not scorn  
 To let you know they are *Italians* born ;  
 Your Ladies, worthy Gentlemen, 'tis thought  
 Love things that are far fetch't and dearly bought :  
 Why should not they who of this opinion are  
 Let you love Ladies that are come so far ;  
 It is a question, and they may mistake  
 Our Ladies to be Ladies of the Lake ;  
 Which in our English broadness is a Whore,  
 Then what are we, nay they that keep the door ;  
 What are you too, my Masters ? something 'tis  
 That make your Wives thus follow you to this.

A shrew'd suspicion when our wandring Knights  
 Arrest strange Ladies, and so late at nights ;  
 But there's no hurt, for if they please but you,  
 We doubt not they'll content your Ladies too.  
 Pray take't as 'tis, the best we can afford,  
 If we do please, why so. *Hab nab's* the word,

*The Epilogue, on New-Years-Day at Night.*

**W**ith the New Year these Marriages begin, (in,  
 Which will be broke e're the next year come  
 Unless your hands do give us, all our pains  
 In Love is lost, if you forbid the banes :  
 But if you grant us Licence, and appear  
 Each day to see us thorow the whole year ;  
 Come to our Wedding, to requite your loves,  
 Shew us your hands we'll fit you all with Gloves.

*A Prologue to a Play of mine, call'd, Love hath found  
 his eyes ; or Distractions.*

**I** Know ye did expect me, but for what,  
 To say we have a Play, the Bills shew that ;  
 Why let's begin then, Sound — But some will say  
 Are there no faults in th' Actors, or the Play  
 To beg your patience for ? Yes faith, there's store,  
 Yet all we crave is you'll not make 'em more.

A very just petition, and 'tis fit

I think, we bear no more then we commit ;

Yet there are some, wise judges, that do seek  
 To raise their laughter on what you dislike :  
 The errors of the Actors, and they be  
 The witty tribe of our own Quality ;  
 Why let them laugh, they paid for't, why should we  
 Deprive a man of that felicity,  
 That cannot help nor hurt us ; and I pray  
 How e're it prove, don't call't a *Pretty Play* :  
 Let it be good or bad, that slight word pritty  
 Shews the Play naught, and the depraver witty.  
 The language is but low, and the invention  
 No higher then a common apprehension,  
 And (in a word) the Authours wish is such  
 You'l not despair, nor yet expect too much.

*The Epilogue spoken by Cupid.*

**I** Hope these mutual Marriages express  
 My opticks are restor'd for each distress  
 The Lovers once suppos'd they had by me,  
 I have converted to a Jubilee.

All's happy but my self, for I poor I  
 That figure an eternal Deity,  
 Must quit my glorious supremacy  
 To stand the censure of mortality :  
 Be curteous to a God, then whose high laws  
 Commands all hearts, yet now must beg applause ;  
 For if you censure me like rig'rous men,  
 You spoil the plot and strike me blinde agen :



All our distractions now are out of date,  
 I would they were so too in Church and State,  
 That *Englands* King and People were at rest  
 Without confounding eithers interest ;  
 That jealousies and fears may never more  
 Let loyal hearts lie weltring in their gore ;  
 That so the God of Love may often view  
 This Island and present himself to you.

*A Speech by the way of Epilogue to those that would rise  
 out of the Pit at the Red-Bull in the last Scene, and  
 disturb the Conclusion, by going on the Stage,  
 June 23. 1660.*

**P**Ray keep your places Gentlemen, don't rise,  
 Stay and take t'other Glasse, as *Peters* cries,  
 'Tis the Catastrophe crowns all the sport,  
 I warrant if you had places at Court  
 You would not part with them so soon, pray stay  
 Till Grace be said, and we have took away ;  
 You wrong your Ladies in the nick of pleasure,  
 They would see't out, women love *London* measure:  
 Pray keep your seats, let us be your advisers,  
 You see (of late) what comes of early Risers ;  
 But if your fancy to this custom tends,  
 Henceforth we'l study Playes that have no ends.

*A Prologue to the Comedy call'd The Tamer tamed,*  
June 24. 1660.

*Enter reading of the Bill.*

**T**He *Tamer Tam'd*, what do the Players mean?  
Shall we have *Rump* and *Rebel* in the Scene?  
*Juncto's* of *Safety* with the righteous rabble  
Of *Apron-Peers*, Knights of *Sir Arthur's Table*?  
Shall *Baxter*, *Hewson*, *Scot*, and *Fox* be nam'd?  
These were our Tamers, but I hope they'r tam'd;  
For those were men, who (in their holy rage)  
Did things too horrid for a civil Stage,  
Unless our company should all comply  
To leave good language and speak Blasphemy.

This Play, *the Tamer tam'd*, is *Fletchers* wit,  
A man that pleas'd all pallats, therefore fit  
And see the last Scene out; pray do not run  
Into confusion, till the Play be done:  
Should strangers see you mix among us thus,  
They would be apt to think you some of *Us*.  
Pray keep your seats, you do not sit in fear  
As in the dangerous dayes of *Oliver*;  
It is not now (in good time be it spoke)  
*Enter the Red-Coats, Exit Hat and Cloak.*  
But such a prosp'rous change doth now attend ye,  
That those who did affront ye, shall defend ye.

*The Epilogue, spoken by the Tamer, a Woman.*

**V**With licence of my Husband, I apply  
My self to this honour'd society,

I fear I have offended the good Laws  
 Of household government, and given cause  
 By my example (in this wilde assay)  
 For some to put in practice what we play;  
 And 'cause the *Breeches* now come near the make  
 Of *Petty-Coats*, may willingly mistake:  
 These are old quarrels, and no doubt came in  
 When *Adam* digg'd and *Madam Eve* did spin.  
 They'r ne're the honefter for that, the crime  
 Of bold Rebellion is older then Time.  
 The breach of trust is old, the breach of Laws,  
 Murther of Kings, witness *the good Old Cause*.  
 But we exhibit to your Approbation,  
 Not the *Rebellion* but the *Reformation*.

*A Prologue to introduce the first Woman that came to Act  
 on the Stage in the Tragedy, call'd The Moor of  
 Venice.*

**I** Come, unknown to any of the rest  
 To tell you news, I saw the Lady drest;  
 The Woman playes to day, mistake me not,  
 No Man in Gown, or Page in *Petty-Coat*;  
 A Woman to my knowledge, yet I can't  
 (If I should dye) make *Affidavit* on't.  
 Do you not twitter Gentlemen? I know  
 You will be censuring, do't fairly though;  
 'Tis possible a vertuous woman may  
 Abhor all sorts of looseness, and yet play;



Play on the Stage, where all eyes are upon her,  
 Shall we count that a crime *France* calls an honour ;  
 In other Kingdoms Husbands safely trust 'um,  
 The difference lies onely in the custom ;  
 And let it be our custom I advise,  
 I'm sure this Custom's better then th' Excise,  
 And may procure us custom, hearts of flint  
 Will melt in passion when a woman's in't.

But Gentlemen you that as judges sit

In the Star-Chamber of the house the Pit ;  
 Have modest thoughts of her, pray do not run  
 To give her visits when the Play is done,  
 With dam me, your most humble Servant Lady,  
 She knows these things as well as you it may be :  
 Not a bit there dear Gallants, she doth know.  
 Her own deserts, and your temptations too.

But to the point, in this reforming age

We have intents to civilize the Stage.  
 Our women are defective, and so siz'd  
 You'd think they were some of the Guard disguiz'd ;  
 For (to speak truth) men act, that are between  
 Forty and fifty, Wenches of fifteen ;  
 With bone so large, and nerve so incomplyant,  
 When you call *Desdemona*, enter Giant ;  
 We shall purge every thing that is unclean,  
 Lascivious, scurrilous, impious or obscene ;  
 And when we've put all things in this fair way  
*Barebones* himself may come to see a Play.

*Epilogue.*

**A**Nd how d'ye like her, come what is't ye drive at,  
 She's the same thing in publick as in private ;  
 As far from being what you call a Whore,  
 As *Desdemona* injur'd by the Moor ?  
 Then he that censures her in such a case  
 Hath a soul blacker then *Othello's* face :

But Ladies what think you, for if you tax  
 Her freedom with dishonour to your Sex,  
 She means to act no more, and this shall be  
 No other Play but her own Tragedy ;  
 She will submit to none but your commands,  
 And take Commission onely from your hands.

*A Prologue to the Poor mans Comfort.*

*Enter reading the Title, May 28. 1661.*

**T**HE *Poor man's comfort*, this Title some will say  
 Is fitter for a *Pray'r-book* then a *Play* ;  
 And some may censure who are *Democraticks*,  
 The times will change, Players are turn'd *Phanaticks* ;  
 And the *Red Bull* where sports were wont to be,  
 Is now a Meeting-house, would 'twere for me  
 A good full Meeting-house, we should not be  
 Contrivers of a new *Fifth-Monarchy*,  
 And charge up for King *Judas* : no, the very  
 Plain truth is this, we meet but to be merry ;

Then do you judge what pitty 'tis that we  
 Should every day want merry company?  
 Surely the fault is ours, or yours, or both,  
 Let us consider where it lyes: in troth  
 You will appear most guilty I'm afraid,  
 'Tis a full house that makes a *Play* well play'd:  
 A numerous presence doth at once inspire  
 Actor and Auditor with mutual fire:  
 Therefore pray meet, come as you do to tother,  
 If not for us, yet to meet one another.

But let me see? what was I going to say?

O! 'tis about the Title of the Play.

*The great man's Comfort* is above my thought,  
*The Merchant's Comfort* is a Ship full fraught,  
*The Plow man's Comfort* is a Field well till'd,  
*Our Poor man's Comfort* is a House well fill'd.

March 16. 1661.

*An Advent to the Kings Coronation.*

**L** Et all your hearts be fill'd with joy,  
 King Charles his *Coronation* Day  
 Is coming on, let every thing  
 That fears God and Honours the King,  
 Advance their spirits, and exprefs  
 A Royal loyal Thankfulness:

That man that was by dangers tost  
 From place to place, and almost lost.  
 He that did 'scape an Armies stroke,  
 And made a Kingdom of an Oak,

The



The Royal ORPHANT that was fed  
 With sorrow, and with borrow'd bread :  
 He whom his Subjects would confound  
 And crucifie, shall now be Crown'd.  
 Then let all souls for such salvation.  
 Cry up King Charles his Coronation.

On the Day.

THE happy day (long wish'd by some)  
 By God's appointment, now is come,  
 In which our joyful eyes shall see  
 King Charles adorn'd with Majesty,  
 And He who liv'd a life like Job  
 Shall now with Crown, Scepter, and Globe,  
 With peaceful seed ascend his Throne,  
 And every man shall have his own :  
 The *Juncto*, *Oliver*, and *Rump*  
 That turn'd up all the *Knaves* for *Trump*,  
 Are totally dissolv'd, and we  
 Are *Subjects* to true Majesty.  
 Then let us all with one consent  
 Pray for the good *Old Government*,  
 Under whose power we may encrease  
 In Truth and Treasure, Ease and Peace ;  
 And Children yet unborn shall live to say,  
 This was the happy Coronation Day.

*After the Coronation,*

**T**He joyful dayes are come, and we  
 Obtain our ancient Liberty,  
*Religion* rules, *Rebellion* rots,  
 We sleep securely without plots ;  
 Our Lives are safe, our Laws are free,  
*White-Hall's a Court of Equity.*  
 We are secur'd from Tyrants Swords,  
*Malignant*, and such *Canting* words  
 Are out of date, *Phanatick* broods  
 That preach't away your Lands and Goods,  
 Are put to silence, and we fear  
 No forgeries at *Westminster.*  
 Would you know how all this comes round,  
 Take't in four words, King *Charles* is Crown'd ;  
 Since it is so, let every thing  
 Praise God, and say, *Long live the King.*

*A Letany delivered, Jan. 1. 1659. to a Friend as  
 a New-Years Gift.*

*From All, and more then I have written here,  
 I wish protection to you this New Year.*

**F**rom those who for self-ends would All betray,  
 From those new *Saints* that pistol when they pray;  
 From flattering features with infernal souls,  
 From Reformation, such as pull'd down *Pauls* ;  
From

From *Church-land purchasers*, from Town betrayers,  
 From Weaving Preachers, and *Extemp're Prayers* ;  
 From blood, and something else that I could tell ye on,  
 From Pulpit blasphemy and bold Rebellion ;  
 From new false Teachers which betray the old,  
 From those that turn the Gospel into Gold :  
 From that black Pack where Clubs are alwayes trump,  
 From bodies Politick, and from the *Rump* ;  
 From those that ruine where they should repair,  
 From those that cut off heads instead of hair ;  
 From twelve moneths Taxes and abortive Votes,  
 From chargeable Nurse children in Red Coats ;  
 From such as sell their souls to save their Summs,  
 From City Charters that make heads for Drums ;  
 From City *Saints* whose Annagram is *Stains*,  
 From plots, and being choak'd with our own chains ;  
 From zeal that wants both Piety and Knowledge,  
 From the hot Disputants in *Gresham Colledge* ;  
 From Coblers which ascend to Council Tables,  
 From dens of thieves, from Churches turn'd to Stables ;  
 From these and ten times more like to ensue,  
 We humbly pray, *Good Lord deliver you.*

*On a view of the Rebels Arms.*

**C**Rosses are crucify'd, the *Organ* which  
 In bright Cathedrals soar'd a lofty pitch,  
 Are now Demolish'd by such men (strange Riddle)  
 Who in the room set up the Cross and Fiddle.



*On Independency.*

**A**N Independent is a Maggot bred  
In fly-blown brains of ~~A resolute~~ <sup>filthy</sup> head

*On the Act against Cock-matches, the next succeeding,  
their putting down of Church-Marriages.*

**W**Hen Wedlock was pull'd down by powerful  
hand,  
We might well guess Cock-matches would not  
not stand.

*On the Jesuite and Puritan.*

**T**He Jesuite and Puritan prevail  
In spoil, like *Sampson's* Foxes tail to tail.

*Another.*

**T**He Jesuite and Puritan are two,  
Who under the best names most mischief do:

Repre-



Representations in Parts to be  
Habited, Sung, and Acted,  
as they have been often times  
with great applause performed  
before the Lord Major and  
the Sheriffs of *London*.

*An Eclogue, or Representation in four Parts, composed  
for the Lord Major, Sir Tho. Allen, and Sung  
by the City Musick, Decemb. 18th. 1659.*

The Presenters,  
*Love, Plenty, Truth, and Courage.*

*Love.* **M**Y honour'd Lord and Lady,  
May that great hand that made ye  
Supply this cheer  
From year to year,  
And may no strength degrade ye,

*Truth. I*

*Truth.* I am a bold intruder,  
Which makes me seem the ruder;  
But the City is  
Much us'd to this  
Since civil War subdu'd her.

*Plenty.* We are no Lance-prefadoes,  
No Basket-hilt Bravadoes;  
When you know our Names  
You'll love our fames,  
We deal not in Granadoes.

*Love.* We come not to invade ye;  
Or subt'ly to perswade ye;

*Truth.* I am *Truth* (in a word)

*Plenty.* I am *Plenty*, my Lord,

*Love.* And I am *Love* my Lady.

*Chorus.*

1. Let Buff-coat and Feather

2. Go drumming together :

*All.* We fear not the force of Invasion.

3. The Voice and the Lute

1. Makes a better dispute,

*All.* Love hath the best art of perswasion.

*Plenty.* But stay, methinks our Melody is dull,  
We want a voice to fill the *Chorus* full. (wonder,  
*Love.* *Truth*, where is *Peace*, (*Truth*) her absence is no  
For *Peace* and *Truth* have been long time asunder :

Where



Where is she gone? we'll hawl her in with Cables.

*Love.* Peace seldom goes where Churches are made  
Stables.

*Truth.* Peace never comes amongst those sad disasters,  
Into that Land where Servants beat their Masters:

*Plenty.* Peace seldom into such confusion comes  
Where City Charters are made heads for Drums.

(dye for,

*Love.* Peace loves good men, that profess what they'l  
Not such as make Covenants stand for a Cipher.

(against Brother,

*Truth.* Peace ne're comes where Brother doth fight  
Nor where Protestations drive out one another.

(true friends,

*Plenty,* Peace knows that the Sword men will ne're be  
For Collonels like Coblers are awl for their ends;  
She never appears, (though she very much pitty)  
Where a bunch of Bandoleers are the keyes of a City.

*Love.* When wisdom's wanting,

*Truth.* And zeal is canting,

*Plenty.* Then rage is ranting,

*All.* And Peace lyes panting.

*Chorus together.*

Then blame not the words of our Tongue or our Pen,  
We shall ne're hold our peace till we get her agen:

For *Love*, *Truth*, and *Plenty* must quickly decay,

As experience will tell us when *Peace* is away:

*Love.* But now *Peace* is gone

And hath left us alone,

What other foundation can we build upon

*Truth.* Let

*Truth.* Let courage come rule.

*Plen.* I fear he's too cool.

(fool.

*Love.* If he leave *Love* and *Plenty*, and *Truth*, hee's a

*Truth.* Can fury out-brave him ?

'Tis *Truth* that must save him ;

Go call him : (*Plen.*) I can not, the *Prentices* have him.

*Love.* Go tell him our need,

Our *Liberties* bleed,

(speed.

And say that my Lord doth command him with

*Plen* At that word he comes.

*Enter Courage.*

*Courage.* Boyes beat up your drums,

Are *Sword-men* abroad, and we picking of crumbs ?

Have we the bold *Valour*, the *Wealth*, and the *Wit*,

And shall we be shallowly cheated of it ?

*Truth*, *Plenty*, and *Love*, you all are well met,

In honefter *Causes* ye ne're ventur'd yet ;

We serve a brave Master, who for publick good

Will hazard his *Fortune*, his *Fame*, and his *Blood* :

Let *Love*, *Truth*, and *Courage*, and *Plenty* endeavour

To wait on his person, and serve him for ever.

Then let every voice like a well skill'd Musician

Discover the progress of *Pride* and *Ambition*.

*Courage.*

The basest condition

Is *Pride* and *Ambition*,

It rifles and stifles

True *Love*. and *Allegiance*.

'Tis never contented

Till Time hath consented

To

To take off and shake off  
The bonds of *Obedience*;

*Truth.*

It was a shrew'd weed in  
The Garden of *Eden*

It drew out and threw out  
Poor *Eve* and her *Adam*.

'Twas one of the strange ills  
That cast down the Angels  
So steep and so deep  
That no measure can fathom.

*Plenty.*

It is but a sad sort of sinning  
And ends with a terrible taste,  
It shews like a Saint in beginning,  
But looks like a Devil at last.

*Love.*

*Ambition* strikes every thing dumb  
That dams up the way of her hope,  
It often doth aim at a Kingdom,  
And frequently ends in a Rope.

*Chorus.*

*All.* Then since bold ambition doth work such dis-  
Why should we be Monsters in hope to be Masters;  
That City shall hold out in spite of all weather,  
Where *Conscience* and *Courage* are coupled together,

(*asters,*





## The Cheaters Cheated.

*A Representation in four parts to be Sung, Nim. Filcher, Wat, and Moll, made for the Sheriffs of London.*

*Enter Nim. a Cheat at one door, and Filcher his fellow at the other.*

*Nim.* **G**OOD morrow fellow *Filcher*,  
What, do we sink or swim?  
Thou look'st so like a Pilcher?

*Filch.* Good morrow fellow *Nim*,  
The Devil's in our destiny,  
I cannot get a pluck.

*Nim.* No, surely if the Devil were in't  
We should have better luck.

2.

*Fil.* What Star is my director,  
I am in such a state?

*Nim.* Nay, preche brother *Hector*  
Do not fall out with Fate;  
For we are fortunes Minions,  
And fight under her banner,  
'Tis she is Queen of all the world.  
*Fil.* A mischief light upon her.

3. No

3.

No money is reveal'd yet,

I wonder where it lingers ?

*Nim.* The Soukdier hath conceal'd it,

'Tis fast in iron fingers ;

From whence if we could get it

By fury or by fraud :

We had as good attempt to pick

The Pocket of a *Baud*,

4.

*Filch.* Your roaring *Cavalier*

Who when he had the Chink,

Would bravely domineer

In diceing, drabs and drink :

Go ask him now for money

And he hath none at all,

Bur cryes 'tis in my Compting-house

In *Haberdashers-Hall*.

5.

*Nim.* Our fly Trappanning trade

Maintain'd with so much fury,

Is openly bewray'd

Both by the Judge and Jury ;

For Lawyers have so many quirks,

And are such curious skanners,

That they grow cunninger then we,

And do trappan Trappanners.

6.

*Fil.* Our dyceing Trade is down too,

For when we do begin

By drilling wayes to draw

A yonger Brother in

The Souldier falls upon us

And proves the best Projector.

*Nim.* Faith every Red-coat now can make

A puppy of a Hector.

7.

*Enter Wat, a West Countrey-man.*

*Fil.* Stay prethe who comes here,

*Nim.* A gaping Countrey Clown.

*Fil.* Look how the slave doth stare ;

*Nim.* He's newly come to town.

*Filch.* He gazeth in the air as if

The sky were full of Rockets ;

Let's fleece him. (*Nim.*) But how shall we get

His hands out of his pockets ?

8.

*Fil.* Let me alone for that : I lately bought a glass,

Wherein all severall colours may

Be seen that ever was,

If held up thus with both hands.

*Nim.* A pretty new design,

This trick will fetch his fingers out ;

*Filch.* And hey then in go mine.

9.

*Tune changeth.*

*Wat.* Our Taunton den is a dungeon,

And yvaith cham glad cham here,

This vamous zitty of Lungeon

Is worth all Zomerzet-zhere :

In



In Wagons, in Carts, and in Coaches  
 Che never did yet zee more horse,  
 The Wenches do zhine like Roches,  
 And as proud as my fathers vore horse.

10.

Che never zince che was able  
 To keep my vathers voulds,  
 Did ever zee such a stable  
 As thick a thing called *Powls* :  
 A Mezle in a red Jacket  
 Had like to have knack me down,  
 Because che'd undertake it  
 Held all the beast in the Town

11.

Ch'am come to zee my Lord Major,  
 And thick as do hang the Thieves,  
 Ch've forgot what vine neames they are ;  
 (A meazle on them) the zhreeves,  
 They zay they wear Chains and Scarlets,  
 And vollow'd by many Guardiants,  
 Ch'ave lost the neams of the Varlets,  
 A mischief on them, the Serjeants.

12.

And now chill walk my stations  
 To every place in Town,  
 Che mean to buy new vashons,  
 Iche have above fifty pound ;  
 Che took't away from vather  
 When he was gon a vield :

D 3

Cham

Cham come away the rather  
 'Cause ch'ave got a wench with childe.

13.

<i>Filch.</i> The Rainbow never knew	<i>Tune change.</i>
Such Colours as are here,	<i>Filcher and</i>
<i>Nim.</i> Here's Purple, Green and Blew,	<i>Nim. looking</i>
<i>Wat.</i> Zooks what have they got there.	<i>in the glass.</i>
Good morrow Master, what d'ye cal't,	
<i>Filch.</i> Good morrow good man clot.	
<i>Wat.</i> Nay vaith vine Gallant there y'are our	
My Neame is honest <i>Wat.</i>	

14.

*Fil.* I'le shew thee such a slight that  
 Thou ne're saw'st honest *Wat.*  
 Neither by day nor night yet.  
*Wat.* Yvaith ch'ud laugh at that.  
*Fil.* Here take this glass into thy hand  
 And hold it to thy eyes,  
 Thou there wilt see more colours than  
 A Dyar can devise.

15.

<i>Wat.</i> I cannot zee a colour yet,	
<i>Nim.</i> Thou dost not hold it high,	
<i>Wat.</i> Che hav't, che ha't, ch'av got it now,	
<i>Nim.</i> Ifaith and so have I.	(green, <i>Picks his</i>
<i>Wat.</i> Here's black, and blew, and gray, and	<i>Pocket.</i>
And orange-tauny, white;	
And now Ich ave lost all agen.	<i>Filch. picks</i>
<i>Fil.</i> In troth y'are in the right,	<i>tother Pocket.</i>

16. Now

16.

Now prethe tell me honest *Wat*,  
 How do'st thou like my glafs  
*Wat*. It is the vitteſt veat yvaith  
 That e're was brought to paſs  
 And if that thou wilt ſpare it  
 Chill give thee money down.  
*Fil*. I will have nothing for it  
 Chill give thee half a Crown.

*feels in's  
 pocket.*

17.

Yvaith cham very willing.  
*Nim*. You ſhall not do it now,  
 To give thee vour zhilling,  
*Filch*. 'Tis more then you can do.  
*Nim*. Farewel good *Wat*, thou ſhalt not pay,  
 Good morrow Gentlemen;  
*Wat*. Chill get me gone ver vear that they  
 Zhould get my glafs agen.

*Aſide.*

*Exit Wat.*

18.

*Tune change.*

*Fil*. Quick let us ſhare  
 For fear of apprehenſion.  
*Nim*. *Gufman* could ne're  
 Compare with this invention.  
*Fil*. That ruſtick Clown  
 Hath brought a happy harveſt.  
*Nim*. Lay your Money down.  
*Fil*. My purſe is at your ſervice  
 Crown for Crown.

D 4

19. *Nim.*



19.

Nim. Open the Purse,  
Our Ship of Fortune fail's in't.

*Open it.*

Fil. Oh heavy curse  
It hath nothing but nails in't.

Nim. Ne're men till now  
Were gull'd by such a Costard ;

Fil. If we meet I vow  
Wee'l bang the bacon bastard  
black and blew.

20.

*Open the  
other.*

Unlock that font  
Let's enter by degrees in't.

Nim. A pox upon't,  
There's nought but bread and cheese in't.

Fil. Come let's depart  
And drink a Saxon Rumkin.

Nim. I am vext at heart,  
But if I spare the Bomkin,  
Hang me for't.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mol Medlar Sola, with a Basket.*

*Tune changeth.*

Souldiers fight and Hectors rant on  
Whilst poor Wenches go to rack,  
Who would be a wicked wanton  
Onely for Suppers, Songs, and Sack,  
To endure the alteration  
Of these times that are so dead ;

*Thus*

Thus to lead a long vacation  
Without Money, Beer, or Bread.

22.

Farewel *Bloomsberry* and *Sodom*,  
*Lukeners-lane* and *Turnbull-street*,  
Woe was me when first I trod 'em  
With my wilde unwary feet.  
I was bred a Gentlewoman,  
But our family did fall  
When the Gentry's coin grew common,  
And the Souldiers shar'd it all.

23.

I was sure unto a Hector  
Who hath basely broke his vow,  
Would I had a good projector  
That would well support me now.  
Who comes here? what simple Thumkin, Ent. Wat.  
Oh! I guess him by his coat,  
This is sure some Countrey Bumkin,  
Now 'tis time to change my note.

24.

I can dance, and I can sing  
I am good at either,  
And I can do the tother thing  
When we get together.

*Tune chang-  
eth, she sing-  
eth and dan-  
ceth.*

25.

I have lately lost my dear,  
'Twas a holy Brother;  
If he do not meet me here  
I faith I'll get another.

26. I

26.

I can nimbly come above,  
 I can tumble under,  
 And If I do but like my *Love*,  
*Wat.* What *Vary's* that is yonder ?

27.

'Tis a dainty dañcing Girle,  
 Zhee would make me gladder,  
 Her vace doth zyne like mother of Pearl,  
 chould chuse no more and chad her.

28.

*Mol.* A Dutch-man loves his Pipe and Can,  
 A Jew doth like a Turk well,  
 But I could hug a *Countrey-Man*,  
 For he will do his work well.

29.

*Citizens* are full of flight,  
 They will cog and flatter ;  
 But a *Countrey-man* will do me right.  
*Wat.* Che long now to be at her.

30.

Good morrow Mistris Trip and goc,  
*Mol.* My *Countrey-man* I take it,  
 I love you Sir, (*Wat*) Chill love thee to,  
 And vayth chil veze thy Jacket.

31.

*Mol.* What's thy name, come tell me that  
 Thou shalt be my Jewel ?  
*Wat.* Why zom vorzooth do call me *Wat*,  
 But my neame is *Water-Gruel*.

32. Pre-



32.

Prethe zay, and ben't avrayd,  
Art not thou a Pedlar?

*Mol.* I live close by in Tickle Yard,  
My name is *Mary Medlar*.

33.

*Wat.* Then zweet *Mol* come bus thy *Wat*,  
Let us twain be merry:

*Mol.* I could nimbly dance, but that  
My Basket makes we weary.

*Wat.* Give it me, chill dance a Spring,  
Che have no veaver Lurden?

*Mol.* If thou wilt dance, then I will sing,  
And thou shalt bear the Burden.

*He takes  
her Bas-  
ket.*

35.

*Wat.* A match, a match, it's well a vine,  
We both zhall make some ztuff on't.

*Mol.* Unless thy feet keep pace with mine  
Thoul't quickly have ynough on't.

*Both dance  
to their  
own sing-  
ing.*

36.

*Wat.* Well don *Moll*, (*Moll*) 'tis well done *Wat*,

*Wat.* Chill do it to a tittle,

*Mol.* But I have too much strain'd my throat,  
I prethe sing a little,

*She doth  
dance off.*

37.

*Wat.* Fa la la la liera lo

This is pretty prancing,  
We will go to Tickle Yard  
When we have done dancing.

38. Now

38.

Now che think ch'av vetcht it up  
 Zing a little *Mary*,  
 We will gulge a merry zup,  
 Zhuggar and *Canary*.

39.

Thou dost dance and make no noise  
 Zhall I turn and kifs thee?  
 Prethe let me hear thy voice.  
 Hoop where the Devil is she?

*Turns about  
 and misseth  
 her.*

40.

Zhe hath left me all alone  
 Here to mum and mask it,  
 But yvaith if zhe be gon  
 Ich chill keep her Basket.

41.

Here's good vortune come to me  
 In a merry minuit,  
 Now chill puttne down and zee  
 What zhec have gotten in it.

42.

Oh! wo, wo, what zhall chee do,  
 Che con no know which way to go  
 With thick whore here and her vyne zong,  
 Che have a bore her burden too long;  
 Che may curse the occasion that e're che came here,  
 Would che were agen in *Zomerzet-zhere*.

*Tune changeth, he  
 sets down the Bas-  
 ket and looks in it.*

43.

O! Lungeon Ich cham undone  
 Ch'ave a brungeon a daughter or a zon,

*Pulls a Childe  
 out of the  
 Basket.*

*Thick*

Thick a jewel hath me beguil'd,  
*Water Gruel* must now veed the childe,  
 Ich chud never be zorry, but vind it a place  
 If che had now but good store of Larzhant;  
 It looks Tory rory, and zmells zo of Mace,  
 That a zure it was got by zome zarzhant. *Hushes it,*

44.

*carries it*

Goodman zhreeve ze, look on the vace *to the men,*  
 Vor a believe me it may be your own case, *then to the*  
 Honest vree men Ich cham basely begeld, *women.*

Good a woman hold but the cheld,  
 Chil but step here hard by, 'tis but home to Taunden,  
 And chill bring ye zom gold in a Casket,  
 Thick all are hard hearted both women and men,  
 Che must march with my youth in a Basket, *Puts it in*

*agen to the*

45.

*Basket*

*and Exit.*

*Enter Filcher and Nim.*

*Tune changes*

*Fil.* We shall ne're have lucky minuit,

None of our designs will hit ;

*Nim.* Some ill Planet sure is in it,

Fortune makes a fool of wit :

All our feats

Are simple cheats,

And destiny will have it so.

*Fil.* There's nothing hits

But with those wits

That cheat *Cum Privilegio.*

The



*Nim.* The holy drum  
 And godly gun  
 Are now the onely Engines that  
 Make Pimp and Whore  
 And Hector poor,  
 And wise men do they know not what.

46.

*Fil.* All our joyful dayes do leave us;

*Nim.* Never were such times as these;

*Fil.* Every Bumkin can deceive us (cheese.

*Nim.* With hob-nails (*Fil.*) and with bread and

*Nil.* Though we mist it  
 He confest it

That he brought up fifty pound;

*Nim.* Where he did it

How he hid it

Is the plot that may be found.

*Filch.* If we meet him

We will fit him.

*Nim.* Hark I here one coming in  
 Very pleasant

'Tis the Peasant

*They retreat to  
 several corners.*

*Filch.* Now let's to our guards agen.

*Tune changeth.*

*Enter Wat with a little Trunck on a stick hanging at  
 his back.*

47.

Now farawel Lungeon Iche may zing,  
 Chill no more here until the next spring,

Chave

Chave put in security vor the thing,  
Which no body can deny.

48.

Che did a veat in Zomerzet-Zhere  
Which vorst me at virst to zee vashons here,  
Ich cham out of the vrying pan into the vere,  
Che either must burn or vrye.

49.

In plush and in zatten a vynely wrought,  
Ich chave laid out forty pound every groat.  
*Fil.* I want a silk Waistcoat, (*Nim.*) I lack a plush Coat,  
*Wat.* Ch' have puttne all in the Trunk.

50.

Here's zilk and gold, and zilver strings, } *Fil. comes a-*  
Here's Gloves, silk Hozen, Points, and Rings. } *lone to Wat.*  
*Fil.* Stand (*Wat.*) what are you (*Fil.*) Lay down your  
things.

Why zure the Meazle is drunk.

51.

What would ye do to a poor Countrey man,  
*Nim.* First lay down your Trunk, you shall know  
more anon :

*Wat.* And a very vine way to have my Trunk gone :  
*Filch.* Do so or I'le knock thee down.

52.

(it man

*Wat.* Nay vaith good man Gentle since ch' have zeen  
Chill lay it down there, and if che can win it  
Thou shalt have my Trunk and all that is in it :  
'Twill cost above vorty pound.

53. *Fil.*

53.

*Fil.* I'll have as much blood as thy heart  
can afford. *Filch. draws  
and fights.*

*Wat.* Thou cowardly knave, wilt thou vight with a  
zword;

But since 'tis but one, Ich che care not a Twoord,  
And what do you think of another. *Nim. draws.*

54.

*Nim.* This Rapier I thorow thy body will run,

*Wat.* Ud zooks there's no vighting with two *Exit.*  
agen one, *Wat.*

Ich che rather will trust to my legs and be gon.

*Fil.* Why now gramercy brother.

55.

*Nim.* The rascal already is run out of fight,

*Fil.* His hands are vile heavy. (*Nim.*) His legs are as  
light,

The Plush for a Jacket, I claim as my right,

*Fil.* Which really I deny.

For was it not I that prov'd the Projector. (*tektor,*

*Nim.* But if this good sword had not been your Pro-

The clown would have made you a pittiful Hector,

And beaten you. (*Fil.*) Sirra ye lye.

57.

My force hath been try'd against Castles and Towers,

The prize as it lies is equally ours,

Let victory make it out mine or yours,

*Nim.* I grant it with all my heart.

*They fight,  
Enter Moll.*

58. What



58.

*Mol.* What mad men are these! pray what do you mean,

I never did see such a sorrowful scene;  
Nay sweet Mr. *Filcher* (*Fi.*) stand further ye *Quean*,  
I'll make the proud *Rascal* smart.

59.

(out?)

*Mol.* You alwayes were friends, what makes ye fall  
Pray tell me true, what is the quarrel about;

*Nim.* This duel will suddenly end all the doubt:

*Mol.* I'll suffer between your swords. *They make*  
*passes.*

60.

*Moll is*

E're such a kind couple of *Hectors* as yee *between.*  
Shall squabble and quarrel for *Paddington-tree.*

*Jack Filcher*, *Tom Nim*, be counsel'd by me,  
Deliver your Cause in words,

61.

You know that the Law against Duels is high:

*Nim.* That *Rodomontado* there gave me the lye,

*Mol.* Pray do but consider that *Tyburn* is nigh;

*Nim.* That very word cools my wrath.

62.

For my own part I onely would live by my Trade,

*Fil.* The Bargain betwixt us must end by the blade;

*Mol.* Pray let me but know the conditions ye made,

I'll judge it between ye both.

63.

*Fil.* Ile tell you then how the quarrel did rise,

This fellow and I have took a rich prize;

E

*Nim.*

*Nim.* And now he denies me my share in't. (*Fil.*) he lies,  
We agreed that the sword should decide it.

64

This Trunk is well furnished as e're it can hold,  
With silk and with velvet, with silver and gold.

*Mol.* Turn't all into money, and when it is sold,  
You equally may divide it.

65.

But first what assurance have you when you win it,  
'Tis worth all this danger (*Nim.*) We yet have not seen  
Why then let us open't and see what is in it,  
That ev'ry thing may be shown.

66.

*Nim.* A match, let her break the Trunk open and see.

*Mol.* It may be by this means you'll sooner agree.

*Fil.* Faith open't or shut it 'tis all one to me,

I vow I'll have all or none.

*{ Mol opens  
The trunk.*

67.

*Mol.* Then look on your bargain, you both are be-  
guil'd,

*Mol takes*

Pray tell me if this be the velvet three pil'd, *out the*  
Is this figur'd fatten? (*Nim.*) I vow 'tis a child. *childe.*

You swore you'd have all or none.

68.

*Fil.* I'll stand to my bargain, for I will have none.

*Nim.* What? can you so suddenly alter your tone.

*Mol.* Come kiss it and love it, for faith 'tis your own.

Remember when we were alone.

69.

For this pretty Babe I have shed many showers,

And

And suffer'd a thousand disconsolate hours,  
 As sure as 'tis mine, I'm certain its yours,  
 I never knew Man but you.

70.

*Fil.* These Projects to me are Riddles and Charms,  
 How came the child hither? (*Mol.*) For fear of worse  
 harms,  
 I left it even now in a Countreymans's arms,  
 A fellow that I never knew.

71.

'Twas left to be lost though the plot would not hit,  
 I never could see you to tell you of it,  
 A Countrey-man brought it. (*Fil.*) A pox of his wit,  
 I would I were rid of my life.

72.

*Mol.* Before I knew *Filcher*, I was a pure Maid,  
 Pray do but Remember the Contract we made;  
 You said you would wed me, and live by your trade.  
*Fil.* I'll presently make thee My Wife.

73.

*Mol.* For all the worlds wealth I will ne're be a whore.

*Fil.* I'll purchase new Credit upon an old score.

*Nim.* He deal in these damnable courses no more.

*All.* We every one will mend.

74.

*Fil.* I never will quarrel, or swagger and roar,

*Nim.* Then make the poor *Simpletons* pay all the score.

*Mol.* I never will do as I have done before.

*All.* We every one will mend.

Exeunt.

Enter



*Enter Wat Solus.*

75.

*Tune change.*

Ch' have overcome my voes,  
And *Watty* now is vree ;  
It is no zin to couzen those,  
That would have cheated me :

76.

Had che but met with one,  
Che had not been o'remaster'd ;  
Ich che wonder what they thought upon,  
when they did vind the Bastard.

77.

Did ever vellow vinde  
Zuch zimple zots as these,  
To leave my fifty pounds behinde,  
And steal my Bread and Cheese :

78.

Theise zitty theeves are fool'd,  
That meant to do me hurt,  
The Meazles could not vind my gold,  
che knittne in my zhurt ;

79.

Ich che cannot chuse but zmile,  
That men who can talk lattin,  
Zhould be zuch fools to take a Child  
Vor velvet, zilk, and zatten :

80.

But Pride will have a vall,  
The Proverb zaith as much ;

Now

Now how do you my Measters all,  
Ich cham com to laugh a touch.

81.

God blefs my Lady Zhreeve,  
And all that noble pack;  
Ch'am almost dead with grief,  
Che want a cup a zack.

82.

God zave my measter too,  
And zend him to live long;  
Vayth now ch'a nothing else to do,  
Chill zing a merry zong.

*A Song on the twelve Companies.*

83.

**T**He other day among many papers,  
Che vown'd a vine zong of the Merchants and  
Drapers. (ners,  
The Grocers, the Goldsmiths, the Taylors and Skin-  
And many zuch vinical zinner.

1 *Mercers.* 84.

The *Mercer* virst a vine dapper blade is,  
He zells yee zoft zattin, and very well paid is;  
He makes his Commodity cover the Ladies,  
Zo zoft and zweet his Trade is.

2. *Grocers.* 85.

The *Grocer* layes his zhuggered baits,  
He loves to have his zhip zail in the Straits;  
He deals for sweet Almonds, Prunello's, and Dates,  
With Ladies as light as his weights.

E 3

3. *Dra-*

3. *Drapers.* 86.

The *Drapers* next in my fancy doth hover.  
It is the best Trade betwixt *Barwick* and *Dover* ;  
But when his zhort Yard the women discover,  
They will have a handful over.

4. *Fishmongers.* 87.

And now have at the *Fishmongers* jacket,  
It proves a good trade as the *Taverns* do make it :  
But of all the viih in the zea chil undertake it,  
He'd rather have a virgin naked.

5. *Goldsmiths.* 88.

The *Goldsmiths* stall will make me to stop,  
For *Goldsmiths-Hall* hath been a great prop ;  
Of all the rich mysteries this is the top,  
The Tower was a *Goldsmith's* zhop.

6. *Merchant-Taylors.* 89.

The *Merchant-Taylors* may not be outed,  
His Calling hath been e're zince *Adam* was routed :  
A zuit makes a Gallants wealth not to be doubted,  
That is but a Beggar without it.

7. *Skinners.* 90.

The *Skinners* hate Ich che must not incurr,  
He covers the Corps of your Worshipful Zur,  
And cleaves to your Aldermans back like a bur,  
Whose lineing is Voxes vur.

8. *Haberdashers.* 91.

Your *Haberdashers* Art che may cali,  
The onely fine trade that doth cover us all ;  
But woe to the Cavalier that did vall  
Into *Haberdashers-Hall*.

9. *Salters.*



9. *Salters.* 92.

The *Zalters* trade we zhall not omit,  
 The *Scholars* zay *Zalt* is an Emblem of Wit;  
 But vaith I believe they love a vresh bit,  
 When *Mutton* and *Capers* meet.

10. *Iron-mongers.* 93.

The fame of *Iron-mongers* do ring,  
 The strength of the *Mettle* can conquer a King;  
 The *Helmet*, *Musket*, and *Gauntlet* can bring  
 A *Scepter* out of a *Sling*.

11. *Vintners.* 94.

The *Vintner's* Art but vew men do know,  
 Vor it is a zience too zuttle to zhow;  
 The Devil and he a *Conjuring* go,  
 When both are a brewing below.

12. *Cloth-workers.* 95.

The *Cloth-workers* trade is a very vine thing,  
 And of all the *Trades* may be counted the King;  
 But yet he will merrily tipple and zing,  
 'Till his wits go a *Wool-gathering*.

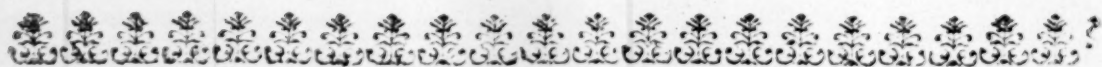
## 96.

And now Ic che hope no *Tradesman* will take  
 Exzeptions at me vor my merriment fake; (niest,  
 Their *Trades* are all good, but the *Vintner's* the bon-  
 God blefs them and make them all honest.

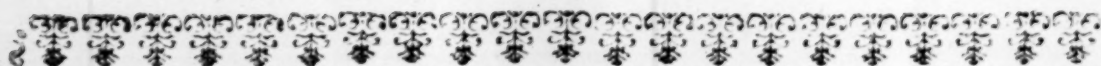
## 97.

Ic che now will go home to *Zomerzetzheere*,  
 And tell all the *Countrey* what vine things are here;  
 Chil jog to my *Jug*, and zee what God hath zent her,  
 And chil come here agen next *Winter*.

*End of the Representations.*



Acrostichs,  
Annagrams,  
Epigrams,  
Elegies,  
AND  
Epitaphs.



## Acrostichs.

*An Acrostich on Mrs. Hester Noy.*

H ow much I am obliged to your worth,  
 E ach faculty I have cannot set forth ;  
 S ure I shall dye in debt, unless you please  
 T o binde me more by granting a Release :  
 E xcellent Lady, may the Powers above  
 R eward you with those joyes which Angels love.

N othing that hath affinity with ill  
 O ppose your understanding or your will,  
 Y our Vertues, which so copiously extend,  
 E ternity can onely comprehend.

*A double Acrostich on Mrs. Susanna Blunt.*

S weet	S	oul of goodness, in whose Saint-like brest
V irtue	V	ows dwelling to make Beauty blest ;
S ure	S	ighing <i>Citherea</i> fits, your Eyes
A re	A	ltars whereon she might sacrifice :
N ow	N	one will of the Paphean Order be,
Natur's	N	ew work transcends a Deity ;
A rabia's	A	romaticks court your scent,
B right	B	eauty makes your Gazers eloquent ;
L et	L	ittle <i>Cupid</i> his lost eyes obtain,
V ail'd,	V	iewing you, would strike him blind again.
N ay,	N	ever think I flatter, If you be
T hus	T	o none else, by Love, you are to Me.

*An*



*An Acrostick on two pairs of inseparable Friends  
who were Married in one Day.*

*A four-fold Acrostick.*

**I**ove Joyn these Pairs, and May each blessed (Bride  
Obtain A guard of Angels for A Guide. (nion,  
Heaven, Nature, Vertue, Reason in commu-  
Nobilitate Enrich, and Love Your union :

Grace Faith and Knowledge Bind ye, may you (be  
Each Others blifs, No evil Injure ye.  
Let nothing Re-divide; Eternal Rest,  
Love, Dwell and Last in each Diviner Brest.

*A cross Acrostick on two Cross Lovers.*

**T**hough crost in our Affections, still the flames  
Of **H**onour shall secure our noble **N**ames ;  
Nor shall **O**ur fate divorce our faith, Or cause  
The least **M**islike of love's **D**iviner lawes.  
**C**rosses somtimes **A**re cures , **N**ow let us prove,  
That no strength **S**hall **A**bate the power of love:  
**H**onour, Wit, Beauty, **R**iches wise men call,  
**F**rail **F**ortune's **B**adges, In true love lies all.  
Therefore to him we **Y**ield , our **V**owes shall be  
**P**aid, — **R**ead and written in **E**ternity :  
That **A**ll may know when men grant no **R**edress,  
**M**uch love can sweeten the unhappiness **S**.

*An Epithalamium in a double Acrostick, written on the  
noble Names and sacred Nuptials of the worthily  
honoured EWARD MARROW Esquire,  
and the most truly vertuous M<sup>rs</sup>.*

ANNE GRANTHAM.

Eminent Pair! what ever *Sidney* saw  
in *Argalus* and his P A R T H E N I A  
D oth figure out your Excellence; how then  
shall I depict ye with so poor a Pen N  
W hat powers shall I implore? *Apollo's* gon,  
for whom my Muse lies drench'd in *Helico* N  
A rts are malignant, Poems out of date,  
the Lay-man calls Learning a Reprobat E  
R eason is banish'd, and what e're did spring  
from those fair banks where peace was flourishin G  
D ivineſt pair, whose bright perfections are  
more luminary then the morning Star R  
M ay all the pleasures *Phæbus* ever saw  
in *Europe*, *Asia*, or A M E R I C A  
A ttend your genial joyes; what Nature can  
contribute to the excellence of ma N  
R edouble your felicity; may night  
and day contend which shall yield most deligh T  
R iches and honour, vertue (the best wealth)  
beauty, with all the circumstance of healt H  
O bey your wish: and he that will not pray  
as I have done, is Love's Anathem A  
W arre never fright ye, wheresoe're you come  
may bright *Apollo's* harp drown *Mars* his dru M

*Interm.*

## Intemperance.

*A Fancy upon Words.*

**H**E that's devoted to the — **GLASS**,  
 The Dice or a lascivious — **LASS**,  
 At his own price is made an — **ASS**.

He that is greedy of the — **GRAPE**,  
 On *Reason* doth commit a — **RAPE**,  
 And changeth habit with an — **APPE**.

The Lover whose Devotion — **FLIES**  
 Up to the Sphere where Beauty — **LIES**,  
 Makes Burning-glasses of his — **EYES**.

If long he to that Idol — **PRAY**,  
 His sight, by Love's inflaming — **RAY**,  
 Is lost for ever and for — **AY**.

*An Epitaph in a double Acrostich, composed and fixed on  
 the Stone of Mrs. Joane Ward.*

In this plain piece of humble earth lyes one  
 Whom no unworthy feet should tread upon,  
 One whose chaste life did very much improve  
 A Daughters duty and a Sisters love ;  
 Almighty God was still her Contemplation,  
 Religion was her daily recreation :  
 Nothing came in her maiden thoughts that cou'd  
 Deile the fountain of her Virgin bloud ;  
 Eternal joyes contain her now, let's then  
 Mourn all until we meet with her agen.

Anna-



P O E M S.

61

ANNAGRAMS.

CHARLES STUART:

*Annagram,*

AS CLEER AS TRUTH.

*Exposition.*

CHARLES STUART makes it out in age and youth,  
His Name and Nature are as CLEER AS TRUTH.

CHARLES STUART:

*Annagr.*

CALS TRU HEARTS.

*Expo.*

What man who either doth love Arms or Arts,  
That goes not when *Charles Stuart*, calls true hearts.

PARLIAMENT:

*Annagr.*

I TRAP AL MEN.

*Expo.*

When the Long Parliament was sitting, then  
This Annagram was right, I TRAP AL MEN.

OLIVER CROMWELL:

*Annagr.*

RULE WELL OR I COM.

*Expo.*

RULE WELL OR I COM cry'd the red nos'd Jew,  
'Tis just (since you trap all men) I trap you.

ROUND-HEADS:

*Annagr.*

HEAVENS ROD.

*Expo.*

When Cavaliers by sin offended God, (ROD.  
The bloody Round-heads were made HEAVEN'S

P O E M S.  
TEACHERS:

*Annagram.*

CHEATERS.  
SAINTS:

*An.*

STAINS.

*Ex.*

When Heresie creeps into factious Brains,  
TEACHERS are CHEATERS, and such SAINTS  
are STAINS.

MINISTER:

*An.*

MENTIRIS.

*Ex.*

When Presbyter inflam'd with a false fire is,  
A man may tell him, MINISTER, MENTIRIS.

LOSTE:

*An.*

STOLE.

*Ex.*

This Annagram mysterious sense may boast,  
For what is STOLE is found in what was LOSTE.

TOAST:

*An.*

A SOTT.

*Ex.*

A TOAST is like A SOTT, or what is most,  
Comparative, A Sott is like a Toast;  
For when their substances in liquor sink,  
Both properly are said to be in Drink.

*End of the Annagrams.*

## Epigrams.

## 1. Epigram.

**A** Knight and's Man, both being at an Inn,  
 The Knight having well eaten, did begin  
 To say to's Servant, *John* I have sup't well,  
 Have our horse done so too? I cannot tell,  
 Replied the Man, for ought I know they may,  
 I'm sure I saw the Oastler *take away*.

## 2. Epigr.

One said *Pauls* Church lookt with the Steeple on it,  
 Just like a Trunk with a hat-case upon it;  
 No, quoth another, 'tis not like't at all,  
 Ile tell you what 'tis like, *'tis like to fall*.

## 3. Epigr.

*Sim* seeing *Harry* have a broken head,  
 Askt *against* what he broke it; *Harry* said,  
*Against* a thing that often doth me ill,  
 To tell you true, I broke't *against my will*.

## 4. Epigr.

Three Scholars having barely din'd, and growing  
 A little wanton after it; were throwing  
 Their bones at one another, a fourth Man,  
 Who had with plenty dined himself, began  
 To tell them that their sport was very dull,  
 Which did declare their bellies were not full,  
 And in a word his meaning thus exprest,  
*If they were full, your bones would be at rest.*

## 5. Epigr.



## 5. Epigram.

A Knave and Whore of modesty bereft,  
 Being at that Sport which will ne're be left,  
 Against a Gate, in a place very wide,  
 Was question'd of a friend, by whom they were 'spi'd,  
 Why he would deal with such a dirty Slut  
 In a wide field, against a Gate too? but  
 The other made reply, pray do not prate,  
 The Slut is good enough to prop-a-gate.

## 6. Epigr.

A Serjeant sitting at the Compter-gate,  
 Fell fast asleep, which made another strait  
 Grow something witty, and to break a jeast,  
 This fellow, sayes he, sure hath none to arrest;  
 And, in meer spightfulness, this envious Elf  
 (The Serjeant) is Arresting of himself.

## 7. Epigr.

On Mr. Garrat, and Mr. Chambers.

Garrat and his Friend Chambers, having done  
 Their City business, went to Paddington,  
 And coming near that fatal place where men  
 (I mean Offenders) ne're return agen;  
 Looking on Tyburn in a merriment,  
 Quoth Chambers, here's a pretty Tenement,  
 Had it a Garrat: Garrat hearing that,  
 Reply'd, Friend Chambers, I do wonder at  
 Your simple censure, you prate like a Parrat,  
 There must be Chambers e're there be a Garrat.

8. Epi-

## 8. Epigram.

*On a Lady whose name was Mrs. Brown.*

We praise the *fair*, and our Inventions wrack,  
In pleasing Sonnets to applaud the *Black*;  
We court this Ladies Eye, that Mistress *Hair*,  
The fair love black, the *black* affect the *fair*;  
Yet neither sort I court, I doat upon  
Nor *fair* nor *black*, but a complexion  
More rare then either, she that is the Crown  
Of my intire affection is *Brown*.

And yet she's *fair*, 'tis strange, how can it be,  
That two Complexions can in one agree;  
Do I love *Brown*, my Love can please my eye,  
And fate my narrowest Curiosity:

If I like *fair*, she hath so sweet a grace,  
A man might leave an *Angel* for her face.

Let any judge then which Complexion's rarest,  
In my opinion she is *Brown* that's fairest.

## 9. Epigram.

*On a little Gentleman, and Mr. Story a tall man.*

This little Blade (by th'other mans vain glory  
It seems was roughly us'd, (so sayes the *Story*)  
But being strongly heated, and high flown,  
In rage he flies on *Story*, pulls him down:  
But when they ris, I know not how it fared,  
One got the worst, the *Story* was translated

F

From

From *white* to *red*, but e're the fight was ended,  
 It seems one, whom the *little man* befriended,  
 Came in and parted them ; the *little Blade*  
 There's no man could intreat, nor yet perswade,  
 But he would fight still, till another came,  
 And with perswasions counsell'd 'gainst the same,  
 'Twas in this manner, *Friend, you shall not fight*  
*With one that's so unequal to your height.*  
*Story is tall ; the other made reply,*  
*I'de plack him down, were he three Stories high.*

10. Epigram.  
 On *May-poles*.

Hypocrites are like those *May-poles* they mock,  
 Rootless and fruitless, with a *Weathercock*.

11. Epigram.  
 On a red nosed *Parson*.

A jolly *Parson* of a comely grace,  
 Who partly carried his hot zeal in's face,  
 Being at's *Inn*, and sitting by the fire,  
 A pipe of good *Tobacco* doth require ;  
 The boy straight brings it him, and to his hand  
 Commits it with a kindled fire-brand ;  
 But as he was at lighting on't, some small  
 Sparks from the coal upon his hand did fall :  
 The witty boy perceiving these mishaps,  
 Cryes, *Mr. Parson, hold Sir, your nose drops.*

12. Epi-



12. *Epigram.*

There was a time a difference began  
Betwixt a Welchman and an English man;  
Each praising of his Countrey, did expresse  
How much they did abound in fruitfulness;  
The *Englishman* did tell the *Welchman*, that  
There was a piece of ground he had been at,  
In *Yorkshire*, which so fruitful was of grasse,  
That when a staff was thrown into't, it was  
In one nights time so overgrown, they could  
Not see't next day: The *Welchman* cries out, hold,  
That was not worth the praising, *In our Land*,  
Quoth *Tassie*, I would have you understand,  
We have such grasse, that turn your horse i'th' ground;  
And before morning come, he sha'nt be found.

*End of the Epigrams;*

---

F 2

Ele-

# Elegies and Epitaphs of two sorts, woful and witty.

*An Elegy and Epitaph composed acrostichally on two names  
occasioned by the Death of Mrs. MARY KETTLE,  
Wife to Mr. HUMPHREY KETTLE of Hollow-  
way beyond Islington; she dyed in Childe-bed.*

**H**ang all the Rooms with Black, let none appear  
**U**nless he can dissolve into a tear,  
**M**odesty, Loyalty, and Love are all  
**P**ut in this Coffin, 'tis their Funeral  
**H**eaven hath took more good then 'twill (I fear)  
**R**eturn the world again these hundred year :  
**E**very Grace that makes a happy life  
**Y**ou might have found in this dead vertuous Wife.

**K**nowledge and true Humility were met  
**E**xactly in this curious Cabinet ;  
**T**ruth was her guide, for she (wee'l boldly say)  
**T**ravell'd from *Hollow-way* the *Holy way* :  
**L**et all therefore that wish their own souls safe  
**E**ndeavour to deserve her Epitaph.

*The Epitaph on her Name.*

Mourn good Reader, here lies one  
 As chaste in life as this cold stone ;  
 Religion, Grace, and so much good  
 Yet ne're dwelt in flesh and blood.

Kinde as Saints, no sweeter Bride  
 Ever blest a Husband's side,  
 That in Childe-bed sheet was driven  
 To be truly Church't in Heaven,  
 Led by Angels, where the King  
 Eternal Crowns the Gossipping.

*An Elegy and Epitaph on the Death of William Barck-  
 ley, Esquire, one of the Aldermen of the City of  
 London.*

Stay and release my wonder you that can  
 Resolve what may compleat a perfect man,  
 So absolute that future times may well  
 Admire at, but shall never parallel ;  
 Let him be wise, and learn'd, his better part  
 Be richly furnish'd with transcendent Art ;  
 Let nature be his friend, and in his minde  
 Let Vertues choice endowments be refin'd :  
 He will come short of him, whose body lies  
 At this time floating in his Mourners eyes ;



For in this Monument is one in whom  
 Faith, Hope, and Charity took up their room :  
 One who hath gather'd Vertues since his Birth,  
 Enough to crown a man in Heaven and Earth ;  
 When Acts of Equity were in his trust  
 He ever was both merciful and just :  
 The Poor he pittied, but his soul was ne're  
 To wicked greatness an Idolater ;  
 He had indeed a heart which the worst times  
 Could never tempt to profitable Crimes,  
 His thoughts were pure, his actions free, his store  
 Was made a good Exchequer for the Poor :  
 Though Envy oft on Envy doth attend,  
 He forced *Envy's* self to be his friend.

Forbear more words(my fant'fie)thou'rt too weak,  
 Great griefs are silent when small sorrows speak ;  
 Although his body sleep till the day come  
 That shall unite him to his ancient home ;  
 His soul is mounted on Seraphick Wings,  
 Unto the Mansion of *the King of Kings*.

*The Epitaph.*

Weep Reader, weep, for if we see  
 Thy Fountains dry, no man will be  
 Perswaded to relent for thee.

In this Monumental clay  
 Lies pious dust till it obey  
 The Summons of the latter day.

You

You that ranfack Earth and Skyes  
For all worth which good men prize,  
Look no further, *Here it lies.*

But (to fum up all in brief)  
He whose eyes are void of grief  
Hath a heart without belief.

He whose foul doth not desire  
To weep before it do retire  
Would laugh were all the world on fire.

*An Epitaph on a Childe.*

Ladies that are young and wife  
Shall I tell you of a prize,  
Here a box of beauty lies.

A Jewel hid from vulgar view,  
Whose excellency if you knew,  
Your eyes would drop like morning dew.

Dame Nature's Diamond which when  
She saw it was too high for men,  
Shew'd it, and shut it up agen.

*An Epitaph supposed to be written by A Gentleman on himself, who dyed of a Disease, called by the name of a Bad Wife.*

Nay tread and spare not Passenger,  
My sence is now past feeling,  
Who to my grave a wound did bear  
Within, past Physicks healing.

But do not (if thou be to wed)  
To read my story tarry,  
Lest thou creep into my cold bed  
rather then live to marry.

For a long strife with a leud wife  
Worst of all ill beside,  
Made me grow weary of my life,  
So I fell sick and dyed.

*An Epitaph on Mr. John Kirk, Merchant.*

Reader, within this Dormitory lyes  
The wet Memento of a Widows Eyes,  
A Kirk, though not of Scotland, one in whom  
Loyalty liv'd, and Faction found no room.  
No Conventicle-Christian, but he dy'd  
A Kirk of England by the Mothers side :  
In brief, (to let you know what you have lost,  
Kirk was a Temple of the Holy Ghost.

*An end of the Elegies and Epitaphs.*



*A Canting Rogue Parallel'd with a Phanatick.*

**I**S the worlds running Ulcer, an unfix't  
 Piece of mortality, begot betwixt  
 A *Tinker* and his *Doxy* in a *Den*  
 Of *Filchers*, which they call the *bowzing ken* :  
 Nurs'd by a maunding *Mort*, whose *Mother tongue*  
 Directs him first the way to *Nipp a Bung*,  
 And mill the *lower* from him whose gazing eyes  
 Are fix'd upon *London's* varieties,  
 That the sad *Countrey man* is forc'd to score  
 At's lodging, till he be suppli'd with more,  
 Whilst the impatient *Lawyer* makes a pause,  
 Pernicious enough to spoil his Cause :  
 Nor can the ablest *Council* tell him when,  
 Or by what trick to gain his purse agen.  
 Thus is poor *Colter* poison'd with a drench,  
 Made of *Law Latin*, and low *Pedlers French*.  
 A Language which admits no derivation  
 But is intire and had its generation,  
 Without dispute, from *Babel Tower's conclusion*,  
 For it is us'd in nothing but confusion,  
 As *Prigging Prancers*, *Tipping Nab's*, and such  
 Phrases as make the slovenly *Low Dutch*  
 A polite *Dialect* ; he is one whose bane  
 Doth much participate with that of *Cain*,  
 The Brother-killing *President*, whose fate  
 Gives him the title of a *Runnagate* ;

His

His body is his land, and every louse  
 Upon't, are Cattle, the next hedge, his house ;  
 He pretends Palmestry, and as he passes,  
 Through Villages, the gamesome Countrey Lasses  
 Do get about him, and do much importune  
 The Rogue with meat, to tell them a good fortune ;  
 Or else they'l give him nothing, and (to ease 'em  
 In their desires) the *Knave* knows how to please 'em;  
 He and the *Annabaptists* were in season,  
 One canted *Felony*, and 'tother *Treason* :  
 And if his Mort with a *French Coltstaff* strike,  
 'Tis ten to one they snuffle both alike ;  
 Both preach in *Barns*, and teach in the same tones,  
 One storms a *Henroost*, 'tother strikes at *Thrones*,  
 Both hate Authority, for they're often crost,  
 One with the *Noose*, 'tother the *Whipping-poast*.  
 In point of Baptisme, for ought I know,  
 The *Rogue's* the better Christian of the two :  
 The *Annabaptist* in his teaching tone  
 Defyes *God-fathers*, he'l have *twelve* or none ;  
 In Marriages the *Rogue* and *He* accords,  
 For man and wife take one anothers words,  
 And very fruitful in their spawn they be,  
 Both deal in liberty and *Leachery* :  
 To conclude all, they are a brace of men  
 That are so like, they are the worse agen ;  
 Whose dispositions could a *Limner* paint,  
 You'd not know which is *Rogue*, or which is *Saint*.

*On the Ordinance prohibiting Cavaliers to wear Swords,  
April, 1646.*

**Y**OU of the Royalty, attend your Summons,  
'Tis *this day Order'd by the Lords and Commons*  
Assembled in that sacred place which we  
Must look upon as *England's* destiny,  
That all such dreadful men whose fame doth ring  
For active Loyalty to God and King,  
Laws and their native Liberties, shall be  
Disarm'd and made a *Swordless Cavalry*;  
For some such cause as formerly was given  
When men were levy'd against *Charles and Heaven*,  
At that time when the *Publick Faith* withstood  
The *Creed and Plate* was melted into Blood,  
When Subjects fought their *Master* to betray  
At the old rate of *thirty pence* a day ;  
When Prentices against all Rules of Reason  
Were early Free-men in the Trade of Treason,  
When by the *Faction's Commons* wise fore-casting,  
*Triennial* was a word for *Everlasting* ;  
When the Mad Shires did with Petitions run,  
Humbly desiring they may be undone ;  
Not dreaming that our English Inquisitions  
Did onely fit to answer such Petitions ;  
When States-mens Trunks were fill'd up to the brim,  
*In Anno Primo Regni Johannis Pym :*  
With more such reasons which are yet unknown,  
You are to lay your Bloody Bilbo's down,

And



And march disbladed, since the House of Lords  
Have voted *Honest men must wear no Swords.*  
And shall this daunt your Royal Spirits that  
Have gain'd a Fame time cannot ruinate ;  
Your Enemies, though with a wrong pretence,  
Have done you right, and put your Innocence  
In the true garb, when did you ever see  
Innocence figur'd with Artillery ?  
What need you Weapons since there is not one  
Of worth enough to draw your Sword upon  
That's not your Sovereigns Friend, and is't not pitty,  
On the sinister spawn of a Committee,  
To vent your valiant wrath, calm your high passion,  
They dare as well do that deserves damnation  
In such an Act that's pardon proof as see  
You wear your Swords, it is their jealousy,  
Of you, their King, nay even of their God,  
When have you known Children delight the Rod ?  
So Cowards when their paler fears increase,  
Take blows, and subtly bind men to the Peace :  
What need you mutter that your Swords are gone,  
Since you may see *Justice* her self hath none ;  
Your Valour is not question'd, 'tis for that  
You are disarm'd, nor do they wonder at  
Your swordless side, for all that justly owe  
Allegiance to Valour, truly know,  
A bladeless Cavalier can more afford,  
Then he whose thigh is branded with a Sword ;  
Be not dismay'd (and you in time shall see)  
The Kings Cause hath an occult Quality ;

Your

Your Swords are needles, sing, be merry, and  
 Pray for the King, 'tis fit you understand,  
 Man's ineffectual aid is vain and light,  
 When He that made the hand intends to fight ;  
 For you will finde when Rebels Race is run  
 They shall be conquer'd without Sword or Gun.

*On a view of London and Westminster on tother side  
 the Water. 1658.*

**T**His pair of sinful Cities, we, with sorrow,  
 May parallel with *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*,  
 Though one Crime greater then they durst do there,  
 (Never to be forgot) was acted here ;  
 Cities so pamper'd up with prosp'rous sins,  
 That (if they could) they'd ravish Cherubins,  
 Cramp their Creator, and with popular stings  
 Destroy him 'cause he is the *King of Kings*.  
 A Perjur'd Pair, who to secure their own  
 Will *Pimp* whilst *Fornication* tups the Throne,  
 Prostitute sacred Places, keep the *Door*  
 Where each Lay-Lecher makes the Church a *Whore* ;  
 They swallow Oaths and wicked Protestations,  
 And, with their Axe, cut off (God grant me patience)  
 The Head of — *Peace*, therefore they are, be't known,  
 A *Decolated Corporation*.

In brief he ne're shall be who, sides with them,  
 A Citizen of *New Hierusalem*.

*The Players Petition to the Long Parliament, after being long silenc'd, that they might Play again, 1642.*

**H**EROIC Sirs, you glorious nine or ten,  
 That can dispose the King or the Kings men,  
 Who by sublimer Rhetorick agree  
 That Prisons are the Subjects Liberty;  
 And though we brought in Silver at low rates,  
 Ye plunder to secure us our Estates,  
 Your serious subtlety is born so grave,  
 We dare not tell you how much Power ye have;  
 Or else you dare not hear us, how ye frown  
 If we but say *King Pym* wears *Charles* his Crown:  
 Such a word's Treason, and you must not hear it,  
 Treason to speak it, and yet none to wear it.  
 Oh! wise mysterious what shall we  
 Do for such men as you e're *forty three*  
 Be quite expir'd, and an unlucky season  
 Shall put a period to *Triennial* Treason?  
 When Master *Pym* your wise judicious Schollar  
 Ascends his Throne, and takes his Crown in Collar:  
 When the Field's pitch't, and some (for all their skill)  
 Shall fight a fearful Battle on *Tower-hill*,  
 When *Canterbury* coming forth, shall wonder  
 You have so long secur'd him from the thunder  
 Of your King-hunting Prentices, and the Major  
 Shall juggle zealous *Isaac* from his Chair;  
 Then *Cheap-side* Cross shall be new guilt, new painted,  
*Gregory* be made a Sheriff, and *Tyburn* fainted:  
 Fore-knowing *Brooks*, thou drew'st a happy lot,  
 'Twas a wise bolt although it was soon shot.

Enc



But whilst you reign, our low Petition craves  
 That we, the King's true Subjects, and your Slaves  
 May in our Comick Mirth and Tragick Rage  
 Set ope the Theatre and shew the Stage;  
 The Shop of Truth and Fancy, where we vow  
 Not to act any thing you'll disallow;  
 We will not dare at your strange Votes to jeer,  
 Or personate King *Pym* with his State fleire:  
 Aspiring *Cataline* shall be forgot,  
 Bloody *Sejanus*, or who ere could plot  
 Confusion 'gainst a State, the War betwixt  
 The Parliament and just *Harry the Sixth*,  
 Shall have no thought or mention, 'cause their power  
 Not onely plac'd, but lost him in the Tower;  
 Nor will we parallel with least suspicion,  
 Your Synod with the Spanish Inquisition,  
 Or like the grave advice of learned *Pym*,  
 Make a *Malignant*, and then *Plunder Him*.  
 All these and such like actions that may mar  
 Your soaring plots, or shew you what you are,  
 We shall omit, lest our inventions shake 'em,  
 Why should the men be wiser then you'l make 'em:  
 Methinks there should not such a difference be  
 'Twixt your Professions and our Quality.  
 You Meet, Plot, Act, talk high with minds immense,  
 The like with us, but onely we speak sense  
 Inferiour unto yours, we can tell how  
 To depose Kings, there we know more then you;  
 Although not more then what ye would, so we  
 Do in our vaster Priv'ledges agree;

But

But that yours are the larger, and controuls,  
 Not onely *Lives* and *Fortunes*, but mens souls ;  
 Declaring by an Enigmatick sence,  
 A priviledge on each man's Conscience ;  
 As if the Trinity could not consent  
 To save a Soul, but by the Parliament :  
 We make the people laugh at some vain show ;  
 And, as they laugh at us, they do at you,  
 Onely i'th' contrary we disagree,  
 For you can make them cry faster then wee :  
 Your Tragedies more real are exprest,  
 You murther men in earnest, we in jeast ;  
 There we come short, but if you follow't thus,  
 Some wise men fear you will come short of us.  
 As humbly as we did begin, we pray,  
 Dear School-masters, you'l give us leave to Play,  
 Quickly before the King comes, for we wou'd  
 Be glad to say, y've done a little good  
 Since ye have sat, your play is almost done,  
 As well as ours, would 't had ne're been begun ;  
 But we shall finde, e're the last Act be spent,  
*Enter the King, Exit the Parliament,*  
*And hey then up go we*, who by the frown  
 Of guilty Members have been voted down.  
 Yet you may still remain, and sit, and vote,  
 And through your own beam see your brothers mote,  
 Until a legal tryal shew how  
 Y'ave us'd the King, *and hey then up go you.*  
 So pray your humble slaves (with all their powers)  
 That when they have their due you may have yours.

FINIS:

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE  
**HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY**

---

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION